

For the Want of a Romance Novel by The_BookDragon

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aftercare, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Artist Steve Harrington, Betaed, Bottom Billy Hargrove, Canon-Typical Violence, Child Abuse, Comfort, Explicit Sexual Content, Fix-It, Fix-It of Sorts, Fluff, Hurt/Comfort, Intimacy, Lifeguard Billy Hargrove, Light Angst, Light Dom/sub, Lingerie, Love, M/M, Not Season/Series 03 Compliant, Praise Kink, Rimming, Smut, Top Steve Harrington

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Heather Holloway, Jonathan Byers, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Shadow Monster | Mind Flayer, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things)

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Summary:

How a Romance novel got Steve a boyfriend.

For the Want of a Romance Novel

Author's Note:

Hi people, before you start reading I wanna give a shout out to some lovely people; @draculcid on Tumblr for inspiring this whole thing with the headcannon of Steve liking romance novels. Seriously, thank you this wouldn't exist without you. To my lovely betas Theo Rose and H2. You guys are amazing and kept me writing this. I love you guys!

It was December and Steve has his favorite drink on hand and a mixtape in the background. He loves finding out how people fall in love. He wants that; that sort of love that makes your heart pound, your hands intertwined, and you finding happiness. More than anything Steve craves that kind of love.

Turns out, it took a bitchy blonde to get it, and it all started with a romance novel.

Well, more like they both tried reaching for the same novel.

"Well, well, princess." Billy leaned against the shelf with a cocky grin.

"Shut it, Hargrove. You were reaching for it too." Steve was really not in the mood, even if Billy was a semi-redeemed jackass as he had been trying to make up for a lot of things.

Instead of snark, Billy blushed tomato red and rubbed at the back of his neck.

Steve felt his eyes widen in surprise. That was new.

Making a quick decision, Steve spoke. "You know what, take it," he pressed the novel to Billy's chest, their hands gently brushing. The blonde gaped and with his head held high, Steve walked away.

A week later, Steve found the novel stuffed in his mailbox with a

note.

"For you, pretty boy. Sorry about November."

And so it went.

It took a couple of pages before Steve realized there were notes on each page highlighting a certain section of text or just a small doodle in the margins.

Smiling, Steve pulled another book from his shelf. Inside were the illustrations from Steve's favorite scenes from each book.

Taking a pencil he slowly began to draw the flower bouquet from the scene Billy had highlighted for Steve.

Two days later, Billy found the book he had lent to Harrington in his mailbox. When he opened it, a page fluttered out. It was a beautiful image of blue roses and white daisies. With a note at the bottom, "try Hollow Hearts by E. Louis."

Well it looked like pretty boy wanted to continue this.

A week later "Hollow Hearts" arrived in Harrington's mail. And was returned with a drawing of hands intertwined around a baby's head.

Again and again it happened as the weeks passed. Until one February morning, Billy delivered the book to Steve's house in person.

Steve took it from his hands and said, "Would you like a drink or some coffee?"

"If you're offering, pretty boy."

Steve's grin widened into a full blown ear to ear smile, and stepped to the side, "Well come on in."

It was a bit strange how they fell together as if it was too easy, but so

right at the same time. Kisses and laughter were traded so freely they almost forgot what it was like before they ever had them.

Problems didn't just go away, no matter how much they wished. Many times kisses were placed on broken bruised skin. And nightmares and the never ending parade of, "not good enough, stupid, idiot," coming from Steve's father and his own mind. They argued and learned to speak with each other and understand each other.

The Monday two weeks before graduation, Mr. Harrington told Steve that he would be working at Starcourt Mall since he had failed to get into a worthwhile college before Mr. Harrington quickly left for New York again.

Billy found Steve an hour later drinking from a bottle of whiskey. Accepting it, Billy took a swig and pulled Steve into a hug.

"Stevie, you're worth more than whatever your dad says."

And he sobbed in Billy's arms.

A week later Billy showed up with a dislocated shoulder and glass in his hands.

His eyes watered but he didn't cry as Steve removed the shards and popped his shoulder back in. Only when Steve placed a gentle kiss on his brow did the tears fall.

Graduation came and went before summer slammed into them with heat and humidity. Steve started his job and Billy was hired at the pool.

Steve missed spending time with Billy as they were both busy, and he had to keep pretending to flirt with the girls coming in. As days passed with quick kisses, dropping off books, and the number of tallies growing on the "You Suck" board, he was half tempted to grab Billy and go. Head to California, and find a place for them. Where they could walk on the beach hand in hand

Finally in June, he got a full day off when Billy only had a half day.

The pool was crowded, and the kids had tagged along to swim.

Billy was in the life guard tower and wanted to yank Steve aside and get on his knees. He just had to wait an hour and then he could spend an entire afternoon alone with Steve.

Knowing what was going through Billy's mind, Steve arranged himself on the lounge, where Billy could get a good look at him stretched out and oily from the sunscreen.

One flirty hour later for Steve, and Billy was very eager to get to Steve's house. Thankfully, Billy had a towel on his lap that hid his ehem "problem." Damn Steve for being an attractive minx.

Billy had to wait a moment to come down from the lifeguard's tower. Steve smirked and sauntered away to take the kids home.

He booked it to the Harrington house and got there before Steve did. Billy knew he had asked for teasing from Steve, but he hadn't realized how hard it would be to keep from pulling Steve into the nearest closet and giving him a blowjob.

Steve dropped the kids off with a sunny smile and headed home to find the Camaro parked in the driveway. Billy was definitely getting a treat today. Grabbing a small paper wrapped package, Steve climbed out and went inside the house.

Billy was already waiting in the living room. He was kneeling on the soft carpet, a little damp from a quick shower, and only wearing a towel around his waist.

"So good for me baby," Steve spoke as if every word was sweet honey, "being so patient today and getting ready for me." Billy felt his cheeks burn and his blush traveling down from his face to his chest. "Please Stevie," his voice was already a bit rough asking for what he didn't quite know at the moment.

"Since you've been so good, I got you a gift, baby. Head to the

bathroom, put it on, and get on my bed upstairs, sweetheart."

Nodding, Billy took the package and walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

What exactly had Steve gotten him?

Carefully unwrapping the paper, Billy revealed something that made him gasp.

Steve waited for a moment before heading into the kitchen. Grabbing some water, Tylenol, and granola bars, he headed up to his room.

Laying on the bed was Billy wearing Steve's gift. Soft, almost white, pink lace cupped Billy's thighs, ass and chest, accentuating his golden skin while softening yet defining every curve and edge of his body.

Billy fidgeted a little under Steve's gaze.

"Absolutely gorgeous, baby," Steve spoke in a reverent tone, "so good for me and so beautiful," he spoke as he crossed the room and placed a kiss on Billy's lips.

Squirming, Billy whined for more attention and for Steve to just touch him already.

A soft chuckle as Steve set down his supplies, stripped, and retrieved the lube from the top drawer of his nightstand. Returning to kissing Billy, Steve started out chaste before deepening the kiss, softly mapping out the contours of Billy's mouth. Steve's hands began to stroke down from Billy's jaw to his chest. Rubbing the lace of the bralette across Billy's nipples and teasing them until they were red.

Hands in Steve's hair, Billy whimpered into the kiss and Steve began moving farther down. Lightly tracing his fingertips across Billy's abs, Steve finally reached for Billy's cock that was already straining against the pink fabric.

Grasping Billy's cock, Steve rubbed against the head, smearing drops of precum across the damp spot on the panties.

Billy felt so sensitive and bucked against Steve's hand. Billy wanted

Steve in him right now. It didn't matter if it was Steve's fingers, tongue, or dick; *please Steve* .

As if reading Billy's mind, or maybe Billy had actually murmured it, Steve broke away from the kiss and reached for the lube.

"Turn over for me, baby."

Billy scrambled to turn over, quickly getting on his stomach with his ass in the air.

Patting Billy's flank, Steve pulled down the lace panties before spreading Billy's cheeks. Slicking his fingers with lube, Steve began massaging Billy's hole. Working around and teasing it until the muscle began to relax. Taking his time Steve began to lightly press one finger in. Slowly but surely, Billy's body gave in and Steve's pointer finger slipped in.

Groaning, Billy rocked a little bit against the intrusion. Steve waited a bit, before starting to prep Billy for another finger when Steve got a wicked idea.

Billy almost jumped at the sensation. Steve's tongue was lightly lapping and teasing at Billy's hole as Steve began to add a second finger.

With spit and lube dripping from his chin, Steve twisted and stretched his fingers. Steve coaxed Billy's ass to open up until it was slick and slightly gaping.

Steve was wishing he had a Polaroid to capture the image of Billy's ass.

Billy was trying to muffle his whimpers in a pillow, but couldn't once Steve helped Billy roll over onto his back.

"Oh baby, let me hear you," Steve's voice was gentle but it was a very firm order. Billy was helpless to do anything but obey, as Steve began lining himself up and pushing inside and playing with Billy's cock; Billy absolutely wailed. He buried his fingers into the sheets and panted as Steve sunk all the way in.

Slowly drawing almost all the way out, Steve smirked and snapped his hips in a sharp brutal thrust. Aiming for Billy's sweet spot, Steve pounded against it and tightly gripped the base of Billy's dick.

Billy felt like he was riding the edge of an orgasm, but couldn't fall over the edge. Yet everything felt kinda hazy, like Steve had made him cum already. But it felt so good to feel Steve inside and around Billy, whispering praises in his ear.

The gasping moans, wails, and the hint of tears coming from Billy, drew Steve closer to the edge.

Until he whispered into Billy's ear, "Good boy."

Billy's body seized from the force of his orgasm, soaking and staining his panties. The sudden tightness drove Steve into his own orgasm.

Heavily breathing together, Steve reached for Billy's favorite plug. Slipping out his softening dick, Steve placed the plug into Billy.

Humming and stroking Billy's hair, Steve fed him pieces of a granola bar with sips of water between each bite. Taking his t-shirt, Steve wiped off the excess and helped Billy remove his bralette and panties.

Some Tylenol and one last sip of water, and Billy was being spooned by Steve. Just letting themselves relax and rest now.

"You did so good, baby," was the last thing said as Steve peppered kisses down Billy's spine. Together they fell asleep, basking in each other's presence.

But it was Hawkins, and peace doesn't always last. Two weeks later, and everything goes to hell.

It starts for Billy when Neil doesn't come home, and remains gone.

For Steve it starts when Dustin comes home and brings in a Russian message.

In another life, Billy is taken by the monster. But this is not that life.

In this life, Billy finds out about the monster by seeing his friend Heather rip a door from its frame. He sees a little girl pick Heather up and throw her through a wall.

Billy is given bits and pieces of what previous incidents were like as the Party searches for Heather and the Mindflayer. He's afraid, but Steve loves these kids and Max is here. Only when a creature of melted flesh is attacking them does Billy understand. This thing is the reason Steve and Max sometimes go still and quiet, the reason they can't sleep without lights, and why they wake up screaming in the night.

Billy is trying to keep everything and everyone together and is only shaken again, when a desperate voice comes through the walkie talkie.

Billy can't help kissing Steve as soon as Billy sees him. Steve's face is busted and bruised, but he's alive. Billy can't be more thankful for that.

Steve manages to at least give them some of the details from his own adventure below Starcourt Mall. Steve told them a couple of things; The Russians have a base under the mall and they were the reason the gate was open. And Billy could tell they were very fond of torture; at least from the look of Steve's face. Everyone's voices, from the Party to Nancy and Jonathan, are clamoring over each other trying to piece together what is going on. Until El collapses from using her powers to save them and discovers a piece of the monster in her leg. It's horrifying to witness as she is drawing the worm from her wound, and throws it across the floor. The chief arrives, kills the worm, and they begin a desperate plan. Billy takes the keys from the chief and it's one desperate dash to finish this.

It's not enough. The monster still finds Lucas, Max, El, Mike, Nancy, Jonathan, and Will in the mall. And Billy has to ram Heather's car to stop her. Nancy and Jonathan are driving Billy, Steve, some of the kids, and Robin, who was also tortured by the Russians along with Steve; trying to lure the huge ass flesh monster away, but it turns back. There's not much to be done as they turn the car around and

head back to the mall, following it inside the mall, and desperately trying to cause a distraction with fireworks. A walk-in talkie crackles in the background as the Chief and Mrs. Byers try to find a way to shut the gate below them and Dustin calls out for his girlfriend on his radio tower.

It becomes a blur between the fireworks being thrown, the shrieking of the monster as it's hit by fireworks, Dustin and his girlfriend singing, and screaming coming from who knows where. Until Billy can see Heather dragging El before the creature. El is touching Heather's face and Billy can see the black veins signaling her possession recede. The monster moves towards them with an angry shriek. He's running before he's even aware of it. Billy can't let it happen and he is barely between Heather, El, and the tentacle from the monster before the first tentacle slams into his shoulder.

It hurts when the tentacles are punching through Billy's side, and the pain only multiplies. Then the monster shudders and sways. In its death throes, it loosens its grip on Billy. El, Heather, Max, and Steve are there crying. Billy's last thought before everything goes black is, "their pretty faces shouldn't be crying."

Billy wakes in the hospital with Max curled up on one side and Steve on the other. Smiling, Billy relaxes and slips back into sleep. They are safe and healing.

Steve still gives him the third degree, and Max calls Billy an, "idiotic mouthbreather asshole." Billy has never laughed harder, and almost tears his stitches.

The scars are left behind, but they are going to be alright.